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THE PALACE.

FROM "EGYPT," AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.
BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Dimly the crimson of the fiery West
Stole through a millioned window, richly draped
With royal purple, heavily fringed with gold,
And leaped with stars of burning amethyst,
From which, down-sweeping, like a twilight rain,
The velvet curtains in dark gleaming waves
Along the gorgeous carpet, weirdly wrought
In looms of Persian magic. Crystal lamps,
Veiled to a starry softness in the gloom
Of lofty niches, from the pearly spheres
Of this rose-attar'd, delicious fane,
Sent o'er the swaying shadows of the room
Pale gleams of radiance, that, floating on
Like fairy boats across enchanted seas,
Stranded upon the white brow of a Dian,
Or the flushed bosom of Olympian Hebe,
Poured in vine-wreathed cups the wine of Gods!

Sometimes these wandering barks, with noiseless
prow,

Touched the veined chapters of the futed column,
On the black base of a grim Hercules,
And struck sharp, golden fire out of their gloom.

Dimly the hues of the deep sunset streamed
And glittered on the massive Grecian coils
Of raven hair that crowned a stately head
Of Cleopatra's loveliness and pride;

And o'er the glorious brow and sunny cheek
The radiance trembled like a wave of fire
Rippling among the coral and pale shells
Of some far island of the wild south seas!

Proud Egypt's Hastings—burying one like arm
In the sleek splendor of a leopard's skin,
The other flung across her silent harp—
Sat with her rare curved lips, like o'er-ripe
cherries.

Softly apart, quaffing the shadowy odor
Of Indian spices, burning in a vase
Of antique alabaster, quaintly carved
In idle born of many an opiate brain
Beside the fiery Tiger. And the deep
And passionate eyes: Night hath no splendid
star.

Nor ocean gem, to liken their wild lustre
And beauty to: Beneath the laughing brows,
"Arched like an Arab's," the weird splendours
shone.

Defying art to paint or lip to sing
The arrowy lightning-raging through their glooms,
Sometimes beneath the heavy drooping lids
There stole a sudden light of tenderness,
Tempering the tropic glory of her face
To grace approachable. A mournful smile,
The lingering shadow of some vanished pain,
Nestled amid the roses of her lips,
Or swept in waves of dimples o'er the cheeks,
Dusky as Italy's 'neath her twilight skies.

Without, the sullen music of the sea
Broke in long tides of thunder on the beach,
Rocking the groves of myrtle like a wind:
Within, the tinkling murmur of a lute
Sprinkled the air with drops of liquid sound,
Sweet as the fabled dews of Helicon,
And soothing as the lull of distant fountains;
A low, young voice, rich as a nightingale's,
Wove with the lute's liquid melody
The golden legend of some happy love.

MY BROTHER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MOONLIGHT SONATA.

From Heidelberg to Frankfurt we went
in the misty morning, past the Sea of Rook; past
the dark leafy Odenwald; past the sunny
Bergstrasse and the little stagnant capital
of the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt.

The sunny Bergstrasse! This "road of
mountains," as the Germans poetically name
it, is an undulating chain of hills, cultivated
in fields, orchards, and vineyards up almost
to the summits, and crowned, like Indian chiefs,
with solemn plumes of the fir and pine. At
the foot of these hills lie little white villages
with heaven-pointing spires, and yellow corn-
stacks, and pillars of blue smoke rising up into
the "pageantry of mist" which hangs in fan-
tastic billows wreaths low down the sides of
the mountains. Here, also, are fields of pink
poppies, maize, wheat and potatoes—wooded
bluffs, and dark green hollows—steep ravines,
and slopes of radiant green, and towers, and
streamlets crossed by rude wooden bridges,
and feeding cattle, and rustic gardens, and
fencing mill-streams turning busy wheels, and
yoked oxen bending their proud heads to the
earth before the steady plough. A fairy fertile
region—a land of corn and wine! And past
here, with the beautiful Bergstrasse on our
right, and the broad, sandy, flat Rhine-valley,
with the river winding far away, and the sum-
mits of Mont Tonnerre and the Voges mountains
dimly showing through the distance on the
left, we went from feudal Heidelberg to the
"ancient imperial free city" on the river main,
where Luther lived, and where Goethe was
born. That fair, fine city of Frankfurt, where
the houses are so white and high, and where
the public streets so broad and busy; where
the shops are so gay and the women so fair,
and where the slates on the roofs are shaped like
fishes' scales.

It was a sunny day, that first day of
our arrival in Frankfurt; and when we re-
turned to our hotel, after seeing the Roman,
with its kindly portico gallery, the public
library near the Ober Main Thor, and the
monument of the Emperor Gunther von
Schwartburg in the old cathedral, we were too
warm and too weary to do anything but sit

smoking beside the open window till sum-
moned down by the pealing bell to that second
and later meal which is provided in most Ger-
man hotels for such foreign visitors as object to
the national mid-day dinner.

Our apartment overlooked the broad Zell, all
thronged with carriages and promenaders, and
looking like a Parisian boulevard without the
trees. It was to me a new and cheerful scene.
Here were elegant loungers, and travellers with
the guide-book in their hands; and sun-burnt
peasant-women selling cherries by the road-
side. Boyish soldiers of the town-guard, with
their dull gray and green uniforms and their
round hats surmounted by bunches of cock's
feathers, went sauntering by, arm in arm,
clanking their spurs. Luxurious private car-
riages, belonging to the merchant princes of
the city, dashed past, raising the dust in
clouds. Humble yellow cabs, indicative
of hotel-stables, ambled along, filled with smil-
ing and admiring tourists. Sometimes a red rail-
way omnibus went by, with its two gaunt
horses, and its bearded conductor, who passes
and rings a bell as he nears every hotel by the
way—sometimes a dark, keen-looking Hebrew,
from the neighborhood of the Judengasse,
glided gravely through the crowd; and once a
troop of glittering cavalry, with helm and
breastplate flashing back the sunlight, rode
down the street to ringing sounds of brass
music.

Pleasant to me, oh, Frankfurt! are the re-
collections of thy wealth, and thy dignity, and
thy free stateliness, as thou sittest on the
banks of the Main river, fair and beautiful, like
Dorothea by the brook-side in the Brown
Mountain.

The table d'hôte of the Kaiserhof Hof was
attended chiefly by English and French visi-
tors, with a sprinkling of Germans and a small
knot of Polish Jews, who congregated together
at one extremity of the table, and talked loudly
and unintelligibly during the whole period of
the dinner. These gentlemen were each a
scrap of red ribbon at the button-hole, and were
called by the waiters Lord Baron and Lord
Count, notwithstanding that their jewelry
looked somewhat questionable, and that their
liveries might have been washed with consid-
erable advantage.

When the second course of that hopelessly
incongruous ceremony, a German dinner, had
just been removed, a gentleman came hastily
into the room and took a seat which had been
left vacant at the table just opposite my own.
I say a gentleman, because, despite the poverty
of his attire, there was an air of faded gentility
about the appearance of the new-comer that
seemed to entitle him to the appellation. He
was an old brown frock-coat, buttoned nearly
to the throat, and trimmed with ragged braid
across the breast; and in his black stock, a
small pearl brooch enclosing a lock of dark
hair. He was very thin and stooped much,
and his hands were yellow and spare, like
those of a sick man. His hair and moustache
were thick and grizzled gray; and his face, as he
looked up, bore that peculiar expression, so
worn and so sorrowful, such as we see given to
the martyrs in the old painting by Van Eyck
and Wilhelm of Cologne. It was a remarkable
face—so remarkable that, after gazing upon it
in silence for a few moments, I could not for-
bear observing it to my friend beside me. I
should not have called him a plain man—on the
contrary, his nose and mouth were some-
what delicately shaped; and yet the skin
seemed drawn so tightly over every feature
that the cartilage of the nose showed whitely
beneath, and the lips were shrunken so as par-
tially to expose the teeth within, which were
irregular, firm, and glittering. His forehead
was particularly massive, and projected in two
knots above the eyes, causing them to look
deep-sunken and glowing, like a lurid fire in
the depths of a dark cavern. Added to this,
his whole complexion wore one dull, un-
healthy, sallow hue—his actions were ner-
vous, trembling, and eager—the tones of his
voice high and querulous—his glance rapid,
furtive, and suspicious. I also noticed that he
devoured the dishes, as they were placed be-
fore him, with a quick voracity that I felt
shocked to witness.

"Look at our opposite neighbor," I whis-
pered, softly; "can you not read a long story
of privation and anxiety in that poor fellow's
pallid countenance?"

Seabrook looked up. A sudden flash of sur-
prise and recognition passed over his face.

"I know him," he said, in a low tone. "His
name is Fletcher. He is an Englishman—a
strange, eccentric creature, of wild and irregu-
lar habits; but a real genius."

"A genius—in what?"

"In music. He plays the organ and violin—
composes the wildest and most wonderful im-
ages, fantastic, and capricious, that ear ever
heard—lives the most restless, wretched life
on earth—eats opium, and is killing himself
inch by inch, day by day, in the pursuit of
that fatal intoxication. I used to meet him
constantly in Vienna, about a couple of years
since, at the houses of two or three musical
friends, and we became tolerably well-acquainted.
I will speak to him."

And he bent forward and addressed to him
some brief words of ordinary civility. The
musician looked up hastily. He seemed start-
led and confused.

"I beg your pardon," he said, nervously,
"for not having observed you before. I hope
you are quite well. It is a fine day, but they
say we shall have rain. Have you been to the
theatre much? This is a very bad dinner—and
certainly very bad salmon—fudge! Do you
like the German wines? Rindshelmer is the
best. Have you been long here? I have been

here two months; but I leave to-morrow.
Going to Rms. I have been conducting the
band at the Main-lust; but this will be my
last evening. Will you come round and
hear us?"

There was an anxious rapidity and incoher-
ence in this man's conversation that was to
me unaccountably distressing. His words and
ideas came hurrying forth, one after the other,
without connexion or pause; and when he had
ceased speaking, it seemed rather that he re-
lapsed into some previous train of silent
thought than that he waited for a reply.

"I should like to hear your music very
much," said Seabrook; "and I am sure my
friend would also. Let me introduce you;
Monsieur Latour—Mr. Fletcher."

He bowed, almost without looking at me,
and went on.

"Do not expect too much. The band is only
tolerable; but the Frankfurt Choral Society
sing to-night. They will amuse you. Have
you ever been to the Main-lust? It is an odd
place. You sit under the trees and drink
coffee while we play to you. Don't touch this
calf's head—it's intolerable. By the way, you
have tasted soukrent! Schroeder is dead. You
remember Schroeder—he is to take the tenor
in the quartette. Are you lodging at this
hotel? We can go down to the gardens to-
gether, after dinner. It is now four, and at
five we begin."

He relapsed into a dull silence, bent over his
plate, and, when Seabrook again spoke to him,
seemed not to hear.

Almost as silently, he conducted us, when
the meal was over, to the concert-garden called
the Main-lust, just beyond the town. Here the
most respectable of the citizens repair with
their families, and, sitting beneath the leafy
roof formed by the close-planted trees, have
coffee and loaves, and even suppers, in the
grounds. The gentlemen amuse themselves
with pistol and rifle-shooting in a gallery set
apart for that purpose, and there is a circular
kiosk for the band. The ladies read and
talk; the children sit by demurely, listening
to the music and eating cakes; and the wait-
ers glide about, silent and attentive, with little
badges on their arms. A large hawk is moored
beside the garden—for it abuts on the river,
just in view of the city spires—and on this
hawk a sort of arch is erected, all hung round
with evergreens and colored lamps, and sur-
mounted by a bust of Mozart. Decks are
placed here for the singers, and it is all fenced
round by trellis-work, and flowers, and Chinese
lanterns, and gay flags and streamers. Here
the Choral Society, some thirty gentlemen in
all, assemble presently, and the evening passes
pleasantly away between alternate vocal and
instrumental pieces. They sing well, and their
voices come richly to us from the river. Then
it grows dark and the moon rises. The colored
lamps are lit, and the light from them—blue,
green, and red—falls, with a curious effect,
upon the faces of the singers. Mr. Fletcher
conducts in the orchestra; but we cannot see
him from where we sit beneath the close ave-
nues. Well-dressed people promenade through
the garden walks; and numbers of tiny plea-
sure boats, filled by young men and maidens,
come stealing softly round the singers in the
river—some with a twinkling lamp suspended
at the prow, which casts a light upon the rip-
ples of their progress. The bridge close by is
likewise crowded with listeners, and the loys
from the town, in their blue blouses, come
climbing up the shrubby banks, with the true
German love for that art which has been called
"the poetry of sound."

Thus the cool hours glide; and, by and by,
the gay company, the fitting pleasure-boats,
the loiterers on the bridge, disperse their several
ways, and the gardens are deserted. The sing-
ers mingle with their friends in the departing
crowd—the musicians in the kiosk pack away
their instruments—the waiters go round, ex-
tinguishing the lights and collecting the empty
glasses. Mr. Fletcher joins us where we are
waiting for him near the entrance, and we all
go out together into the blank, silent streets.

As we passed the doors of the theatre, we
saw the bill stickers busily placarding the pro-
grammes for the following evening.

"Look here!" cried Seabrook. "There is
to be a performance to-morrow night! 'Der
Freischütz,' by all that's glorious! We must
go, Paul! See, the Engagement of Madame
Vogelsang, in letters half a foot long! Who
is Madame Vogelsang? Does anybody know?"

We both turned towards Fletcher for a reply.
He had been conversing gaily but a moment be-
fore, yet now he stood still and silent. The
light from the street-lamp fell full upon his
face. He was very pale, and his lips quivered
convulsively. He caught my arm, as if for
support, and I felt him trembling.

"Mon Dieu!" I cried, involuntarily. "You
are ill!"

He shook his head—subdued his emotion by
a strong effort—gazed intently upon my arm—
drew his hand down upon his brow—and,
without a word of reply, turned abruptly away,
and dashed down a neighboring street. In a mo-
ment he was out of sight, and we were left
standing together by the theatre door, in mute
amazement.

"A most eccentric man!" exclaimed Sea-
brook, drawing a long breath as we resumed
our way. "I always fancied that he was half-
cracked, and I do not suppose that drinking
and opium-eating have done any service to his
brain!"

CHAPTER X.

THE

"I really believe, Norman, that you, familiar

as you are with the pleasures of coffee, feel more
anticipation and enjoyment at this evening than
I, who have not witnessed a theatrical perform-
ance more than thrice in my life."

I was tempted to say this, on seeing the
buoyant exhilaration of his manner and coun-
tenance as he surveyed the house through
his lorgnette, and gazed impatiently towards
the drop curtain.

"Der Freischütz is my favorite opera," he
replied, smiling. "I enjoy the wild devilry of
the legend; and, above all, I delight in the pic-
turesque music of Weber. He has all the
science of Spohr, and more than the sweetness
of Rossini."

"The part of Caspar is immensely power-
ful."

"Immensely! I could listen to the drinking
song for a whole evening, and to the low, full
music of the incantation-scene, with its moun-
tering thunders and grotesque imagery. I have
often thought that the part of Zamiel might be
made more striking by the performers in a dra-
matic point of view, for—"

My friend's criticism was arrested by the
opening chords of the overture, and from this
moment he became entirely absorbed in the
progress of the performance. We occupied a
small box near the stage, whence we could see
the actors closely; but whence, also, we suffered
under the disadvantage of witnessing some-
what too much of the "business" of the com-
munes. This was particularly annoying to Sea-
brook, who, faithful to his love of complete en-
joyment, regretted the lost illusion of the
scenery.

"I prefer," said he, "to be for the time ut-
terly deceived. I do not wish to see that
Zamiel's nose is false, and that Caspar wears a
wig. I would rather believe that yonder pale
specter have just arisen, shuddering, from the
Tartarus gulf, than watch them drinking beer
at the sides, out of sight of the audience. There
ought to be no adjectives in a theatre. There
should not be, were I the architect."

Accompanied by such brief remarks on music
and the stage, the piece went on. Like all Ger-
man performances, it was conscientiously ren-
dered. The band played as one instrument;
the chorus sang as one man; but, with the ex-
ception of the *prima donna*, the principal per-
formers were little beyond mediocrity. The
scenery, too, was faded and worn—the dresses
dingy—the house far from cleanly. Yet it was
crowded—crowded from pit to gallery with
earnest listeners—lit by close rows of eager up-
turned faces. Madame Vogelsang, it would
seem, was the attraction to the good towns-
people of Frankfurt. Madame Vogelsang, whose
name had been placarded in letters half a foot
long, and of whom Norman Seabrook had never
heard.

And here let me pause for some moments,
that I may briefly describe this woman as I
then saw her for the first time.

Theresa Vogelsang was already past the bloom
of her first youth. She might then have been,
perhaps, thirty or thirty-two years of age; and,
in place of the slight proportions of early
beauty, her superb figure, had attained all the
majestic grace and fulness of a Juno's. She
was somewhat above the middle height. Her
head was noble—her arms were the whitest
and loveliest I had ever beheld—her dark hair
was gathered in abundant braids around her
serene and stately brow. There was something
very dignified in her look, her bearing, her
walk, in the very movements of her hands—
something statuesque in her repose, her action,
her every attitude. But her face, her lovely
face, with its dark, languishing brown eyes, so
soft and dangerous—her mouth, so full and so al-
luring—her rounded cheeks, her small, straight
nose, her smile, like the serene smile of Italian
Circles—all these I have not yet spoken—of
these I weep to speak, even to think.

Woe is me that this pen should have to
trace the record, oh, Songstress, of thy most
fatal beauty!

Her voice, like her person, was full, voluptu-
ous, infinitely sweet and powerful. His lucid
tones, alternately tender and commanding, had
a thrilling and peculiar accent, which left what
is in French called a *retentissement* in the hearts
of her hearers. Her love-accents, so tremu-
lously sustained and touching, seemed to vi-
brate in one's very soul—her tears, stage-
thoughts there were, moved the most sym-
pathetic of one's nature. Looking at her, you
fancied yourself in a dream—listening to her, you
fancied yourself in Elysium.

I do not exaggerate her fascinations. Indeed,
I describe them almost in the very words of my
friend, and of many others who subsequently
felt them.

"What a glorious woman!" exclaimed Sea-
brook more than once during the evening.

"What a radiant head! There is something
in her glance that seems almost to take my
breath away! Did you ever see such eyes—
such a smile? She looks just like some Phi-
dian Venus warmed into life!"

And such, truly, was the character of her
beauty; warm, life-like, sensual; the perfec-
tion of mortality. In strict accordance with
the genius of Greek art, there was the utter-
most refinement of personal loveliness: the
luxurious repose which veils strong physical
energy; the outer calm which half reveals the
inner passion. One thing alone was wanting,
and wanting that, I found all the rest blank
and unaltered. Need I say that that one
thing was Soul? Yes—from the very first,
that far in the diamond, that dark stain upon
the marble, was plain to me. I saw in her
only the Mortal-Beautiful—perhaps the Rival-
Beautiful. I missed that spiritual glory which
I have sought and worshipped during all the
years of my life—which has shone out upon

me from less beautiful, but deeper eyes—
which, in God's Heaven, lights the foreheads
of the angels!

The opera progressed, and the exclamations
of the audience, to a conclusion, and at last the
curtain fell. A tempest of applause burst forth
from all parts of the house—the pit rose simul-
taneously—the name of "Vogelsang" was
shouted enthusiastically by hundreds of voices;
by none more rapturously and loudly than that
of Norman Seabrook. After some delay the
drop-curtain was moved aside—the hurricane
redoubled—the vocalist once more stepped be-
fore the audience.

Her stage costume was thrown aside, and
she wore a robe of plain black velvet, which
became her beauty and complexion ten times
better than the former dress. Her cheek was
flushed with pleasure—she smiled—she ad-
vanced to the footlights—she clasped her
hands upon her breast, half deprecatingly, half
joyfully—her eyes wandered around the house
with an indescribably fascinating expression—
she bent lower and lower—she gathered up the
flowers that fell around her on every side, and
pressed them alternately to her lips and to her
heart.

How strange it was, but in the midst of that
tempest, while every eye was directed to the
stage; while Norman, flushed and excited, was
leaning forward from the box, applauding fran-
tically; while the very players in the orchestra
were joining in the general *furore*, I was tempt-
ed, by some sudden and inexplicable impulse,
to turn all at once and look round at the box-
door behind me!

Not vainly! not vainly—for there, there,
pressed closely against the little window in the
door, and staring wildly forward at the smiling
singer, I saw a ghastly face! a face distorted
by passion and pale rage—the face of Fletcher!

For an instant I could not speak, so unex-
pected and strange was the apparition. Then
a smothered exclamation broke from my lips—
I seized my friend by the arm—I pointed to
the door, and, even as I spoke, the face glided
suddenly away and disappeared.

"Fletcher—the musician—look!"

It was all I could say.

"Where? what do you mean? Who?" asked
Seabrook, impatiently.

I made no reply, but, rushing to the door,
opened it, and looked into the lobby. There
was not a soul there. I listened; but the noise
from the house would have drowned the sound
of his footsteps, even had they then been
echoing along the corridor.

One of the box keepers was coming up the
stairs. I ran to him, and asked if a gentle-
man, a pale thin gentleman, had passed him
on the way? No one had passed him, he was
convinced. Was there a gentleman, answering
to my description, in any private box on this
tier? Not one.

"What is all this?" interrupted my friend,
hastily. "What are you saying about Fletcher?
Why did you run away just as the Vogelsang
was before the curtain?"

"Fletcher was looking through our box
door!"

"Nonsense! He is gone to Rms."

"I swear I saw him; and looking terrible,
glaring, almost unearthly!" Seabrook burst
into a laugh.

"Pooh, my dear Paul!" he said gaily, passing
his arm through mine, and leading me back to-
wards the box. "You will next fancy that you
have seen a ghost! It was a delusion, and nothing
else. Poor Fletcher is far enough from Frank-
furt to-night, and at the dullest place in all
Germany. I hate Rms—that is to say, I hate
the people who go there. The spot itself is a
paradise; but it is also an hospital. You see
none but invalids and physicians wherever you
go. No, no, you did not see Fletcher; take
my word for it. Hark! they are beginning
again. Let us go back and see the ballet."

CHAPTER XI.

THE

"And is it possible, Seabrook, that you do
not admire this place? It seems to me almost
a paradise!"

It was evening time. We were sitting to-
gether on the verge of one of those precipitous
wooded hills which enclose the little water-
ing-place of Rms on every side. Far below us ex-
tended the public gardens; the avenues of
chestnut trees and lindens; the Kurhaus, with
its white facade stretching beside the water;
the long, irregular row of hotels and lodging-
houses which constitute the town. Calmly
and brightly, glowing the green shadows of
the hills and the white clouds overhead,
flowed the Lahn river, child of the Rhine.
Crowds of gay company were promenading
along the banks; strolling up and down the
light-roofed suspension bridge; lingering round
the band in the garden pavilion; or eating ice-
under the trees.

Along the winding road at the foot of the
mountains there passed sometimes an open
carriage; sometimes a troop of donkeys, ac-
companied by their liveried drivers with blue
blouses and red-trimmed caps; sometimes a
little band of peasants singing together, and
laden with fruits and vegetables for the market.
Now an artist trudged wearily with sketch-
book and folio, retreating from his diurnal
labor. Now a single horse came wading up
the very middle of the shallow river, towing a
barge.

Below was life and animation—above and
around us, infinite quiescence. And through
all the landscape, winding and glistening away,
with villages and churches and rafted farm-

houses nestled here and there along its banks;
and boats moored under willows; and evening
ladders in among the reeds; and little smok-
ing mounds; and water mills; and knots of white
and amber lilies nodding with their currents—lay
the river, shut in by mountains and hills, with
the soft hazy haze of the coming night spread-
ing slowly over all.

Seabrook looked up smiling.

"I never said that I did not admire the
place," he replied; "I only told you that it
was monotonous; that it was spoiled by pale-
faced invalids, and ruined gamblers, and fash-
ionable physicians; and that I detested it
heartily. You are walking, perhaps, in the
gardens—you see an elegant couple sitting
together in an arbor, and you place yourself
with fancying some little love romance. Ten
to one, on drawing nearer, but that the gentle-
man, who seemed to you to be gaily gazing
the fair hand of the object of his affection, is
feeling her pulse all the time, and that she is
just drawing forth her purse to tender him his
fee! The doctors hold their stethoscopes in the open
air, and consult with their patients to the ac-
companied of the band. You wander in the
vicinity of the Kurhaus, and every person
you meet carries a colored glass tumbler or a
silver goblet in one hand. These are on their
way to the springs. All the world is ill or get-
ting better; drinks the waters or bakes in
them; diets rigidly at the table d'hôte; takes
exercise in an invalid chair, and sees a favor-
ite physician at least once in every day. De-
fend me, oh Common Sense, from all such hum-
bug!"

"But if the people are really ill, and come
hither in search of health—" I urged,
gravely.

"No such thing!" interrupted my friend,
with an impatient gesture. "Not the tenth
part of them all anything at all. It is the
fashion to be ill here—*raison d'être*. People make
acquaintance at the springs, and through
their medical attendants. They confide with
each other, and acknowledge forms the staple
resource of all their conversation. Without
something is the matter with you, you can get
no sympathy, no society—if you are an invalid,
you have every chance of spending your three
months very pleasantly. A liver-complaint is
a sure introduction, and you find a galloping
consumption an immediate passport to the best
tables."

We went down by a winding path, crossed
the suspension bridge, and mingled with the
promenaders in the gardens. We saw Fletcher
in the kiosk, conducting the band; but he
was occupied with the music, and did not re-
cognize us among the bystanders. Like the
rest, he wore a heavy brass helmet and a fan-
tastic uniform, and I know not whether it
was the effect of illness or of his unusual costume,
but he seemed to me pale, sterner, and more
haggard than ever.

They were playing a selection from the "Rary-
anthie" of Weber when we arrived, and as soon
as the last chord was struck, we made our way
up to his desk and addressed him.

He started, held out his hand, drew it back,
held it out again and shook ours nervously.

"How do you do?" said he, in his old quick,
incoherent way. "This is quite a surprise.
Have you been on the Rhine? Rms is a gay
place. Where do you live? Have you been
long here? The waters are very better."

"We only arrived this morning," replied
Seabrook, "and we are staying for the present
at the Hotel d'Angleterre."

"Very dear hotel. What do you say to our
bath? Wretched set this year. The King of
Württemberg is in the gardens to-night. Are
you from Frankfurt direct, or did you stay at
Coblenz? This is pretty scenery. Fond of
ruins? I am not. The Rhine is greatly over-
rated. So is Goethe. Have you been down to
the springs? It's like going into a vault. See
that dark man yonder—Maximil. He's talking
to the Princess Von Hohenhausen. Plenty of
celebrities. Of course you've seen the Con-
versation Haus?"

In conversing with Fletcher, I always made
it a rule to reply to the last thing said, since
it was hopeless to think of disentangling the
particular threads of his wandering ideas; so
I told him that I was at present such a stranger
as to not to know where the Conversation Haus
was to be found—nay, I was even ignorant of
what its purpose and use might be.

"It's a part of the Kurhaus. A set of showy
rooms—salon, ball room, and gaming room. It
all belongs to the Grand Duke. Seventy and
eighty thousand dollars are lost there annually
by play. We call the hazard tables the Duke's
treasury. He also lets lodgings at the Alte
Kurhaus. Quite a commercial prince. Poor
as a mouse. Hush! We have to play now.
Last place. We'll go to the rooms when it is
over."

of a boy talking to his mother—in such a fashion as this?—

"I have thought a great deal on this subject lately, dear mother, and even from my small experience I should judge that a self-educated man must have a better knowledge of men and things in general, and business matters in particular, than one who is immersed within the walls of a college for half a score of the best years of his life, stepping the same treadmill of academic routine that our grandfathers trod, when they were sleepy-headed boys and idle partying—sitting at the feet of some learned (damnable) who are little better than learned asses in the great game of life, etc." P. 14.

We fancy we hear the yells of decision with which the newboys would receive a companion who expressed himself in this stiffified style. What satirical howls—what cries of "O-h-g-a-s," and "dry up," and "stop yer blawin'!"—what hustling and cuffing and jeering would greet the young Euphrates, and announce that a reform of his rhetoric was considered desirable! Of course the fact that the magnificent newboy in this case is represented as the son of a family that had seen better days, does not at all justify his extraordinary elegance of speech, for when you become a newboy you necessarily talk as the newboys do. Nor is the "high family" any justification for the magnificent newboy's mother holding forth in the same style, as in this specimen:—

"I know, Hartley," said his mother, "that a self-educated man, when gifted with that subtle thing called genius, can taste ambrosia here, sip nectar there, and drink deep of empyrean springs of knowledge, fresh from the heart of nature, etc." P. 15.

This is what is called "talking like a book," but not, we fear, like a book that sensible people wish to hear talk.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August, (Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston,) has much good reading, and some that is "better than good," as for example, a fine poem, by Longfellow, in which the old fable of the Titan Enceladus struggling under the load of Etna, which the victorious gods have piled upon him, is made sublimely significant of Italy, prostrate under the mountain weight of despotism, and convulsing earth with the throes of the effort for freedom. Here it is:—

ENCELADUS.
Under Mount Etna he lies;
It is slumber, it is not death;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes;
They talk together and say,
"To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise!"

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear,
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, "At length!"

Ab, me! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair!
Where the burning clinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air!

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
O'er vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened rifts
Of the crags that keep him down!

See, see! the red light shines!
"Tis the glare of his awful eyes!
And the storm-winds whistle through the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
"Enceladus, arise!"

A MATRIMONIAL AFFAIR IN NEW ORLEANS.—About six or eight months since, Miss B., a handsome and accomplished young lady of the Third District, was engaged to be married to Mr. P., a young man of wealthy and aristocratic family. The day arrived and a large number of guests assembled, but hour after hour passed away, and the bridegroom came not. The officiating clergyman, the bridesmaids, the musicians, and the magnificent "spread" of estates and dainties were all ready, and all vainly awaited the arrival of the person whose presence was indispensable to the completion of the festival. Finally a messenger arrived with the information that Mr. P., who, by the way, was a minor, was in the distance, and that his father had not only forbidden the nuptials, but had the candidate for matrimony under lock and key at that very moment, he (the elder Mr. P.) being unwilling that his son should marry at a tender age, and also unwilling to consent to an alliance with the B. family.

The older Mr. P. soon discovered that to simply lock his son up on the day the latter had set apart for his wedding, was not altogether a certain method for preventing the wedding, and therefore trumped up an errand for him to the City of Mexico. The junior Mr. P. arrived two or three weeks ago, having, in the meantime, attained his majority, and at once claimed the fulfillment of a promise made by his sire before his departure, that upon his return no opposition should be urged to his union with Miss B., in case he should still desire it, after an absence of six months. The old gentleman acquiesced, and the dwelling of Mrs. B. was again the scene of preparations for a grand wedding.

A few days before the time fixed for the marriage, Miss B. went out under pretence of shopping and came back no more. Where had she gone? What had become of her? The mother and lover were distracted, and made frantic but fruitless efforts to discover whether the bird had flown. It was not until a young man of the neighborhood, who had long been a passionate admirer of Miss B., was in the secret of her disappearance, and her two brothers very soon discovered that she was quietly living in his house. The mother speedily confronted the young man, and demanded her daughter. "Your daughter is at my house, madame," was the reply, "and she is my lawful wife. I have been your son-in-law ever since the 15th of last April." They had, it seems, married privately, and through a desire on her part to relieve the practical joke of the P. family, had not assumed the relations of husband and wife until the opportunity for carrying out her plan presented itself.

\$20,500 FROM PAPA'S PEAK.—St. Louis, July 29.—A special despatch to the Democrat, says that three men have arrived at St. Joseph's, bringing \$12,500 in gold dust. These parties are also said to have disposed of \$80,000 worth at Omaha, making a total of \$20,500 from the Kansas mines.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ASCENDING INTELLIGENCE.—A DISASTROUS CAPITAL.—RUMORS OF COMING TROUBLES.—PICKED IDEAS.—THE NEW MAP OF ITALY.—A MAN WHO KNEW HIS OWN COUNTRY.—THE HONORS OF WAR.—STUDY REFINES.

Paris, July 14, 1859.

My Editor of the Post:

The most devoted adherents of the *nil adiri* principle must admit that the singular man, now playing so conspicuous a part in the world, has contrived to give a turn to the halo-decoy such as no one could have looked for, and such as has filled every one with astonishment. Looking forward, as all were doing, to a long continuance of the horrible struggle then pending, and a possible extension of the miseries of war to other parts of Europe, it is not without a dreamy sort of half-doubt of the fact that the storm of contest has died away, and that a Treaty of Peace has been signed by the two Emperors, that I now take up my pen to chronicle the progress of events during the last eight days.

While Europe was yet ringing with the news of Solferino, the retreat of the defeated Austrians still nearer to the confines of Venetia, the investment of Peschiera, by the Sardinians, and the arrival at the seat of war of the new corps d'armee under Prince Napoleon, and speculating on the probable consequences of these events, on the new army the young Austrian Kaiser was believed to be raising, and on the possible action of Prussia under the alarm of this new success of the French, the tide of speculation was suddenly taken back by the unexpected tidings, received here on the 8th inst., that an armistice of five weeks had been agreed upon by the rival Emperors on the previous day; and that the two Imperial antagonists were to meet at Villa Franca, the headquarters of Francis-Joseph, on the 10th.

What could be the meaning of such a pause in the course of victory, proposed, too, as we had begun to learn by the floating rumors that always precede the arrival of more authoritative intelligence, by the successful general?

And just as we had made up our minds that such a step on the part of that inexorable personage could only be preparatory to an arrangement of the quarrel, probably by diplomatic means, was, on the 11th, started out of our incubations on the doings of the future Congress that was to put an end to this murderous war, by the thundering forth of a peal of 101 by the cannons of the Invalides, which peal, as was speedily ascertained from one end of the city to the other, was fired on reception of the intelligence that, at the interview of the preceding day, the two Emperors had actually signed a treaty of peace! It was not, however, until it was ascertained that the telegraphic despatch conveying this astounding information was actually posted up at the Exchange, that the public could begin to believe the news to be true.

The despatch in question is thus worded:—

"VALLERIO, 11th.

"The Emperor to the Emperors:

"Peace has been signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself.

"The bases agreed to are:

"An Italian Confederation under the honor-ary Presidency of the Pope.

"The Emperor of Austria cedes his rights over Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who hands them over to the King of Sardinia.

"The Emperor of Austria preserves Venetia, but that country forms an integral part of the Italian Confederation.

"General amnesty."

In spite of the intense heat of the weather, crowds collected, as if by magic, in every part of Paris, expressing their amazement at the news, and their satisfaction that the war was over.

Flags began to appear at the windows, and at night a general illumination took place, the streets being full of people, eagerly discussing the new turn of affairs. In some places lines of colored lamps were suspended across the streets; and on the boulevards a very striking effect was produced, at several points, by groups of colored lights clustered fantastically on the higher branches of the trees.

As far as I can judge, however, the first feeling of relief and surprise having subsided, the public mind is far from satisfied. The friends and the foes of the present regime seem to concur for once in their judgment, and all declare that the "solution" of the Italian question has been "juggled away." Why, they ask, if the Emperor were not in earnest in desiring the liberation of Italy, did he begin the war at all? And if he were in earnest, why has he now stopped short in a career of victory which would probably have enabled him, if persevered in for a few weeks longer, to fulfil to the letter the promise that "Italy should be free to the Adriatic" so pompously put forth at the commencement of the war. The idea of a confederation of Italian States, headed by the Pope, who has shown himself so little able to govern his own subjects for their happiness, whose devotion to Austria is known, and whose prestige as a Temporal Prince has been so much damaged here by the late affair at Perugia, is far from pleasing to the popular mind; and the announcement that Venetia, which it is believed might soon have been reduced, is both to remain in the power of Austria, and to form "an integral part of the new confederation," is considered with still less favor, as it is believed that this arrangement will afford Austria a perpetual pretext for continuing, under another form, the system of interference in Italian affairs, to prevent which the present (or as we must now say, the late) war has been ostensibly undertaken.

The lower orders here, who are addicted to a strong mode of expressing themselves, pronounce the terms of peace to be "a squint" and "a hum," and contemptuously declare that "the Emperor is afraid to risk his skin in another battle."

The idea that the peace is a reasonable and straightforward affair, that the ends proposed in the undertaking of the war have been attained, and that we have only a return to a normal state of tranquillity before us, does not seem to have as yet occurred to anybody here.

Some of the newspapers are out with rapturous plaudits, those of the *Univers* being the loudest. The Republican *Sieci*, so warm an advocate of the Emperor's late proceedings, is perfectly mute with regard to the intelligence that has so completely taken all opinions by surprise.

Those who regard the Emperor as "a man of fixed ideas," and as one who "never rests, never harkens," but goes on in quiet, undemonstrative preparation, getting ready beforehand the hidden wires, springs, trains, and pretexts which are to work out gradually the various details of his "mission," look on this peace as part and parcel of the policy which dictated the sudden pushing up of peace in the Crimean war. Louis Napoleon, they say, has always been bent on the achievement of three things; 1st, the humiliation of Russia, to revenge the unfortunate campaign of "his uncle" in that country; 2d, the recovery of the barrier of the Rhine, which would also be a humiliation to another of the victors of Waterloo; 3d, to cripple and humiliate England, as the right arm of the coalition that overthrew the first Empire, and the representative of popular liberty in Europe. Those who hold this opinion, (by no means a small minority,) believe that Louis Napoleon entered into the Crimean war to show Russia what he could do against her; and that he suddenly relinquished the war, because he did not wish England to obtain the prestige that would have been hers had the contest continued; England having been crippled by the bad management of her commissariat through the first part of the struggle, so that France had had the more brilliant position, and England being quite ready to continue the war under the best possible conditions, just when her ally, unable to go on, and unwilling to drive Russia to desperation, insisted upon making peace.

And just as, in the Crimean war, Louis Napoleon saved Russia from further and apparently inevitable humiliation, and thus bought her alliance for a future day, so, they say, has he now offered to Austria an escape from inevitable ruin, on condition that she shall join his side in some future struggle.

It is a curious fact, that whatever truth there may be in the explanation of Louis Napoleon's policy, not one in ten thousand here doubts that Prussia is to be attacked, as soon as circumstances shall be considered ripe for the step; that the Emperor will contrive to make a plausible pretext for this new measure, in which Russia will again declare herself ready to take sides with France, in case the war does not remain "localised," while Austria, burning to revenge what she regards as the defection of Prussia in this Italian business, and to regain her old supremacy in Germany, will play the part which has just been enacted by the brave and ambitious King of Sardinia.

This campaign accomplished, and the second great Protestant Power humiliated—supposing England to have stood by quietly while it has been going on—pretexts for a rupture with that country will soon be found; and Great Britain is to be attacked simultaneously by the three despotic and orthodox Emperors, who, agreeing in nothing else, unite in jealousy of Great Britain, and desire her reduction to a second-rate power, both from detestation of her championship of individual freedom, and from a covetous greed of her colonial possessions.

It would be idle to pronounce categorically, for, or against the correctness of the programme thus detailed as that of the present ruler of France; but of the almost universal belief here, that such is his settled course of action—itsself not an insignificant sign of the times—there can be no doubt, for one meets with it everywhere. And considering the "traditions" and personal antecedents of the Emperor, the enormous military and (above all) naval preparations he has been so quietly and effectively carrying on ever since he came to the throne, it must, I think, be admitted that many more unlikely hypotheses might be started.

But leaving these speculations to be resolved by the events of the future, let us see how stands the map of Italy as now to be re-constituted.

Lombardy having been ceded to Piedmont, it follows that the two fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, which have always formed part of Lombardy, must be given up to Victor Emmanuel. Lombardy has a superficies of 8,538 square miles, and a population of 2,500,000. Lombardy has hitherto been divided administratively into 9 provinces, or delegations, viz: Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Brescia, and Bergamo. The fortified towns of Peschiera and Mantua form part of the province of Mantua. The fortress of Pizzighetta is comprised in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, this kingdom, including the island of Sardinia, will contain a superficies of 37,640 square miles, with a population of 7,000,000. As regards territorial extent, it will occupy a tenth rank in Europe, and will come immediately after the Kingdoms of the Two Sicilies, and before Portugal and Bavaria. With regard to population, Piedmont will occupy a ninth rank, being on a level with Naples, and above Sweden and Norway, Belgium and Bavaria. The following table completes the comparison as regards the rest of Italy:—

	Area.	Population.
New Kingdom	37,640 sq. m.	7,000,000
Venetia	9,525 "	2,200,000
Papal States	17,218 "	2,900,000
Tuscany	8,741 "	1,750,000
Parma	2,748 "	500,000
Molena	2,090 "	410,000
Two Sicilies	12,090 "	8,100,000

It is rumored here that Victor Emmanuel is furious at the terms of the new peace, considering himself as shamefully sacrificed, and that he and the Emperor of the French have quarrelled, and that they have not exchanged a word for the last fortnight. Of course I by no means undertake to express an opinion on these *outrages*; I merely record them as features in the fluctuating political physiognomy of the day.

So completely has the Emperor Napoleon kept his own counsel to himself, that we are absolutely in the dark as to what will be the result of the present peace.

Our correspondent is probably in error. It seems to be generally admitted now, that the fortresses, and Lombardy East of the Mincio, are kept by Austria.

next steps in the Italian drama. We are told that the French army will be broken up into little camps, and will be comfortably settled in healthy places for a time, to enable the enormous mass of men and material to be brought back in the best manner to France. A very reasonable arrangement, yet one that may possibly have been adopted with a view of retaining the French in Italy, until the arrangements made in so summary a manner, and in which the Italians are disposed of without a shadow of reference to their own choice in the matter, shall have been carried out beyond the possibility of present opposition on their part.—Whether there will be a Congress or not, and if there be one, of whom it will be composed, and what points will be submitted to its decision, we, as yet, know not.

The curiosity of the public is not, apparently, to be gratified even by a sight of the Emperor. All rejoicings for the termination of the war are to be postponed until the 15th of August, the Emperor's *fest day*. It was rumored that his Majesty would return to Paris to-day, and the National Guard was said to have been ordered to be in readiness for the occasion.—But no one, not even the most intimate personal friends of the Emperor, knew anything of the time of his probable return. On the other hand, we have a rumor to the effect that he reached St. Cloud, *incognito*, last night. It is understood that, when he arrives, he will pass a few days in that charming residence very quietly, and then go to Plessier, this time taking with him the Empress and the Little Prince. Meantime, Austrian prisoners are still arriving in France, and are treated with the greatest kindness and humanity. The French prisoners have been received in Austria with equal generosity. Indeed, the Emperor Francis Joseph seems to have vied with his opponents in the kindness with which he has treated these victims of the chances of war. Every French officer has had a present of 200 francs for present expenses, besides good food and kindly treatment, the private receiving a small sum, and equal kindness. As to the convey of French prisoners that reached Vienna just before the signing of the peace, they were so affectionately treated by the Viennese that the Austrian soldiers about their prison grew quite jealous. The people of Vienna, who visited them in crowds, were at once on the best possible terms with them, and not content with giving them little presents on the spot, arranged with them to let down a lot of baskets from the windows of their rooms into the street below; by which means, such abundant supplies of food, wine, tobacco, clothes, &c., were being constantly drawn up over the heads of the sentries below, that the latter could stand it no longer, and made such angry demonstrations against the hospitable proceedings of the townspeople, that, at length, the authorities interfered, and put a stop to these offerings.

It is known that the Emperor Francis Joseph was profoundly affected, not only by the untoward issue of the great battle from which he had hoped so much, but by the hideous spectacles of blood and misery that make up so large an item in the details of a battle. He wept bitterly, on leaving the field of Solferino, and well he might. His trained ranks thinned by death, his people dying by hundreds on the ground, and the retreating host moving off in such disorder that their young sovereign at one time was obliged to draw aside from the road with his staff, and merely watch the impetuous rush that filled the way, and rendered it impossible for the sovereign to proceed without being seriously inconvenienced by the pushing and scrambling of those about him—an infraction of his imperial etiquette not to be tolerated. So violent were his emotions after witnessing the havoc and humiliation of the day, that he was attacked with fever, and was seriously ill for several days. The Emperor Napoleon, also, who, whatever else he may or may not be, is at all events a kind-hearted man, who cannot see human suffering with indifference, even when caused by himself, is said to have been deeply affected by the terrible sights of the fields on which he has just been so signally victorious. Typhus and dysentery are rife in the camps under the burning sky of the last fortnight; and the desire to abridge the sufferings inseparable from war, may have had a share in deciding him to the sudden, and very original *démarche* which has taken Europe so completely by surprise. It is not improbable, moreover, that the revolutionary aspiration excited all over Europe by the Italian struggle, and the sympathy expressed by many republican leaders with the course the Emperor was thought to be pursuing, may have had some influence with him, and induced him to hasten a settlement, from fear of certain consequences which might have logically flowed from the results of his own action.

It is not probable that Europe will be able to quietly sleep with the belief of a long peace before it. The French Emperor has given too startling proof of what he can do in the way of fighting, combined with a determination and power to follow out his own individual designs without consulting the rest of Europe, for this hemisphere to fall into a feeling of entire security. We shall probably all go on building ships of war, and raising armies, to an extent equally detrimental to our neighborly confidence and our individual pockets. Great powers, and little ones, arming to the teeth, is not a pleasant state of things; but France has now so thoroughly dissipated the Arabian dreams of perpetual good neighborhood in which the people of the various sections of Europe were beginning to indulge, that no one will feel ready from the chance of unexpected quarrels. Meanwhile the unusually heavy crops in Austria are literally spoiling in the fields for want of hands to gather them in—thanks to the drain of labor caused by the war.

The Federal Rifle Match, which takes place annually in Switzerland, is now going on at Zurich. The attendance is very numerous, and has attracted crowds of visitors from all the Cantons and from other countries. The subscriptions have risen to the sum of 110,000 francs, and will be employed in the purchase of articles of silver and gold, ornamental arms, &c., to be bestowed on the most successful competitors. In addition to the Rifle Match, a meeting of the Gymnastic Societies of all Switzerland is being held at Zurich, the best wrestlers of the different cantons taking part in the contest.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

London, July 16.—It was reported yesterday, at Paris, that trouble had arisen in Venetia—the city of Florence was disturbed, and that the Venetian population was indignant at the Emperor for his failure to fulfil his promises towards Italy.

The papers are mainly engaged in speculation upon the sudden cessation of peace and its results. It is remarked that Sardinia, by accepting Lombardy without the *business* necessary to defend it, has made herself the vassal of France, and that Italy has gained nothing, while the Emperor returns to Paris nominally a conqueror, but, in reality, a baffled and dishonored man.

Letters from Paris assert that much discontent prevailed there in respect to the terms of peace and the small result of the war, although the peace itself gave general satisfaction. The *Sieci*, the organ of the French Liberals, is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin in a few years, if the misadventures of the present peace are not to be repeated. It calls for the expulsion of the petty Italian princes, the confederates of Austria.

The *Moniteur* publishes a second warning to the *Univers* on account of an objectionable political article. The *Univers*—an ultra Roman Catholic organ—has however delighted with the terms of peace—especially the Presidency of the Pope.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Vienna on the morning of the 14th. His order of the day, published at Verona on the 13th, says that Austria commenced the war for the maintenance of her sacred treaties, relying on the devotedness of her people, the bravery of her army, and her natural allies. Not having found allies, Austria yields to an unfavorable political situation. The Emperor cordially thanks the people, as well as the army, who have again shown that their sovereign may confidently rely on their devotedness, if any new struggles should occur.

The interview between the Emperors at Villafranca is said to have lasted nearly the whole day.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes a proclamation by the Emperor, announcing to the soldiers the basis of peace. It is to the following effect:—"The principal aim of the war is attained. Italy will become, for the first time, a nation. Venetia, it is true, remains to Austria; but she will nevertheless be an Italian province, forming part of an Italian confederation. The union of Lombardy with Piedmont creates for us a powerful ally, who will owe us its independence."

"The Italian Governments which have remained inactive, or which have been called into existence by the necessities of the war, will comprehend the necessity of Italian reforms. A general amnesty will obliterate the traces of civil discord. Italy, henceforth mistress of her destinies, will only have herself to accuse should she not progress regularly in order and freedom. You will soon return to France. A general country will there receive with transports those soldiers who have raised so high the glory of our arms at Montebello, Palestro, Turbigo, Magenta, Melignano, and Solferino; who, in two months, have freed Piedmont, and have only stopped because the contest was about to assume proportions no longer in keeping with the interests that France had in this formidable war. Be proud, then, of your success; proud of the results obtained; proud, especially, of being the well-beloved children of that France who will always be the great nation, so long as she shall have a heart to comprehend noble causes, and men like you to defend them."

July 12.—The preliminary conditions of the treaty of peace are thus announced in the official Austrian correspondence:—"Austria and France will support the formation of an Italian Confederation, to which Austria accedes. Lombardy, as far as the line of the Mincio, is to be given up. Mantua, Peschiera, Borgoforte, and the whole of the Venetia, remain Austrian possessions. The Princes of Tuscany and Modena are to return to their States. An universal amnesty is to be granted."

The *Moniteur* of Friday contains the following:—NAPLES, July 14.—The Augsburg Gazette alleges that the cause of the armistice was the existence of a dangerous malady in the French army, and that this we can give a formal denial. The sanitary state of the French army is excellent, and exceeds even the hopes which could be entertained, from the heat and fatigue endured.

The King of Sardinia had issued the following proclamation to the people of Lombardy:—"Heaven has blessed our arms, with the powerful aid of our magnanimous and valiant ally, the Emperor Napoleon, and we arrived, in a few days, after victory upon victory, at the banks of the Mincio. To-day, we come back among you, to tell you that Heaven has granted your wishes. An armistice followed by preliminary peace, secures the people of Lombardy their independence."

"According to your desire, many times expressed, you will henceforth form, with our ancient state, one single and free family. I take your destiny under my directions, and hope to find in you that confidence which the chief of a state needs, in order to create a new administrative system. I tell you, people of Lombardy, to trust in your King. Established on a solid and imperishable basis, he will procure happiness for a new country, which Heaven has entrusted to his government."

News from Milan of the 13th, states that the King of Sardinia arrived there in the evening, amid the plaudits of the populace. His Majesty subsequently presented himself on the balcony of his hotel, and was greeted with warm acclamations of "Vive il Re."

The Emperor of Austria has ordered immediate cessation of the recruiting just commenced.

It was rumored that the Emperor and Empress would visit Vienna.

The French army were reported to have commenced their counter-march.

Two days before the armistice, a war tax was imposed on Piedmont, amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes on property, customs, &c.

It was considered probable that the dismissal of Garibaldi would result from the state of affairs.

The *Freeman's Gazette* states that in consequence of the treaty of peace orders have been transmitted to the troops on the march to halt at the respective places where they may happen to be.

A Bostonian, at the sack of Perugia, writes to the *London Times*, giving additional details of that brutal affair. He says the American minister, Mr. Stanton, has demanded redress and indemnification for American citizens, and such as it is to be had.

The Emperor and the Sardinian Cabinet had resigned, and it is reported that the reasons for this step were on account of the terms of peace being unsatisfactory.

Count Arco has been charged with the formation of a new Cabinet.

to Napoleon, announcing his determination to demand an armed intervention by the Catholic Powers.

ROMA.—Grave riots had occurred in various parts of Rome on the 13th of July. At Falerio, a disturbance occurred, which became a serious character, knives and firearms being used. One man was killed and seven were wounded dangerously.

The House of Commons had passed its second reading of the Bill abolishing Church rates, by a vote of 263 to 183.

In both Houses of Parliament the treaty of peace had been discussed. In the Commons, Lord John Russell, in answer to an inquiry, said that nothing of an official character was known, or could be known, as to the details of the treaty till the Secretary of State returns to Paris, which would be about the 15th.

The formidable French fleet at Cherbourg and Brest, together with the gun-boats for the landing of troops.

Lord John Russell said that France had made no extraordinary proceedings, and therefore England had declined no explanation.

The Duke of Newcastle stated that the government did not intend to renew the license by which the Hudson Bay Company held their North American territories. A bill would soon be introduced for appointing magistrates throughout the territory to be taken from the Indians and whites; to establish trading regulations, and to prevent abuses. The Government was not prepared to grant a subsidy for the establishment of railways in the territory.

In the House of Commons, considerable progress was made with the army and the estimates, and Sidney Herbert explained the present military position of the country and the measures of defence. He expected that one hundred Armstrong guns would be made this year, and two hundred before the end of the financial year.

On the 15th, Lord Derby pointedly inquired if the King of Sardinia was a party to the treaty of peace, for it was understood that the Emperor of the French was his ally, and not the principal in the quarrel.

Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said he did not know whether the parties to the treaty of Vienna had been consulted, but so far as England was concerned, no particulars beyond those published had been furnished.

Lord Cowley had called on the French Government for the details of the peace, but Count Walewski told him he could afford him no information until the Emperor arrived in Paris.

The new telegraph cable between England and Denmark had been successfully laid.

The Mediterranean company had ordered a cable to connect Malta and Sicily, and it is expected to be laid in November.

The English Government has fully determined to lay a cable direct to Gibraltar and thence to Malta.

An anti-slavery meeting, presided over by Lord Brougham, had been held in London. A address to the Duke of Newcastle was agreed to, requesting the House of Lords to appoint a committee to inquire into the present state of the slave trade, as the coast and African traffic is degenerating into a positively atrocious trade.

The original of Powers' Greek Slave has been sold in London at auction for 1,800 guineas. The Duke of Cleveland was the purchaser.

The Bank of England, on the 14th, reduced its minimum rate of discount to from 3 to 2½ per cent. This step was fully anticipated, and exercised no influence on the stock market. The funds opened buoyant and excited on the morning that the British Nation said. Consols being quoted at 94½, they soon, however, fell back under the growing impression that the terms of peace were not such as to inspire confidence in its durability.

July 15.—Prices of Cotton have advanced ½ to ¾, since last Friday.

The HUMANITARIAN LEADER.—A Paris letter says that "Kosuth and Klapka, according to private letters from Turin, have both been detained at that place under the strictest surveillance of the French police, to whom instant notice must be given that if a treaty of peace is signed between France and Austria it would not be wise to suffer the two perpetrators of Hungarian peace to run off to Hungary. The republicans here are furious at what they call the slip which has been given them, and we are waiting with the greatest anxiety for the next news from Italy."

A YOUNG GIRL OBTAINED BY A FRENCHMAN.—THE CAR AVENUES HERE WROTE.—Last December, an officer in the elegant uniform of the Chevalier Guard, galloped along one of the most crowded and fashionable streets in St. Petersburg. Passing a *magasin des modes*, he saw a charming young girl enter. He followed her, and was struck with her cheerful but modest grace, and the freshness and tenderness which distinguished her. On her retiring, he learnt that she was the daughter of a poor chimney-sweep (civilian), that the shop people worked for her at a low rate, from admiration of her youth and character, and that she would return at six.

The officer, with two of his friends, indulged in a copious dinner, inflaming his passion with costly champagne. But exactly at six, a large and gorgeous *troupe*, (a double-seated sledge,) stopped near the *magasin*, harnessed with three splendid horses. The poor Olga advanced, and was instantly snatched in a tar-truck, fitted into the *troupe*, carried on to Czarsko Zelo, where a convenient and lonely house of entertainment awaited them, and was there brutally ravished, after indignantly rejecting every kind of bribe. But her resistance was so violent that she disfigured the faces of her assailants.

On her return her father appealed to the local police, but in vain. The police master assured him that the criminals could not be identified. On this her brother, an officer in the country regiment, was written to. He was indelible in his inquiries, discovering that these officers had suddenly and mysteriously become sick, to hide the scars in their faces, wrote a petition to the Emperor, and succeeded in awakening his sympathy. The police-master was summoned, and the *Car* charged him instantly to procure a true report of what had passed. This was done. The criminal was Prince Galitzin.

But mark the punishment. The *Car* instantly compelled

NEWS ITEMS.

"Pain."—A couple of females at Cayuga, Canada West, went into the forest to dig up the prevailing fashion. They selected the stem of the "poison ivy," and after wearing the hoops a few days, were so dangerously affected as to require medical treatment.

A most extraordinary affair occurred in Jasper county, Indiana, last week. An old man named William Hickins, aged seventy, married an old lady of almost the same age, named Anna Mead. Twenty-seven years before they were man and wife, with a family of five children. Becoming dissatisfied at the time, they separated, and, hearing nothing of each other for years, both married again. But both being left alone, after the deaths of their partners, and coming together this late in life, they concluded to travel the little journey that was left, together. So extraordinary a case we do not remember ever to have heard before.

The frozen well at Brandon, Vt., has attracted crowds of savans to that place this season. Scientific persons in the neighborhood are attracted to the phenomenon as an iceberg, and that originally, or at some remote period in the long past, that part of America was the head of the sea. This hypothesis is sustained by the fact that several years ago, in building a railroad between Clarendon and White River Junction, the terminus of the Rutland Railroad, the houses of arctic wharves were found on one of the highest points of land. All the land near the well is frozen at a depth of a few feet below the surface. An interesting scientific report on the subject is understood to be forthcoming.

A French soldier writes to his mother, from Castiglione, Italy, last week, that he and his comrades are now in the hands of the surgeon of the army has cut out of one of my legs. I have been used to having the leg by me, and the parting was cruel. Do not weep, dear mother, but rejoice, rather, for I will remain you now, not to leave you again. I will always be, now, part of your little card party, thanks to the wooden leg.

PARTIAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—On Friday, the 25th inst., there was a partial eclipse of the sun, visible as follows:—Beginning at 10 minutes past 5 P. M.; greatest obscuration, 42 minutes past 5 P. M.; of eclipse, 21 minutes past 6; duration, 1 hour and 11 minutes; digits eclipsed, 3 on the northern side of the sun's disc.

AN ANCIENT CITY ON THE PACIFIC.—The New Orleans Picayune says that the American surveyors of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in their explorations on the Pacific Coast, discovered the ruins of an ancient city within a few miles of the sea. The surveying party brought back a large number of fragments of terra cotta, and other objects, silver rings, ear pendants, etc., all of which indicate an advanced condition of civilization among the aboriginal people of Mexico.

A FEMALE SKELETON.—The wife of a broker, in Columbus, Ohio, having cause to suspect the fidelity of her husband, repaired, five days ago, to the house of a neighbor whom she believed to be the recipient of his attentions, and exclaiming, "You have dishonored my bed!" attacked her with a knife, inflicting several severe wounds. The woman finally rallied, however, and succeeded in ejecting her assailant.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF MERCHANT LIFE.—Some weeks since the failure of a Boston merchant was announced, and a recent statement of the condition of his affairs shows his total debts to be in the neighborhood of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars, with assets to the extent of about thirty thousand dollars. The merchant claims that the loss of his property on the 1st of January, 1857, clear of all incumbrances, the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

PREMIUMS ON WHEAT.—The Board of Trade of Chicago, Illinois, have resolved that they will pay, at the Fair of the United States Agricultural Society, in that city, on September 22, per bushel for the best 100 bushels of spring wheat, \$2.25 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of red winter wheat, and \$2.50 per bushel for the best 100 bushels of white winter wheat. Their object is to distribute the wheat so long as seed, during the ensuing fall and next spring.

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CHURCH OF MORRIS.—The following singular provision is to be found at page 206 of the Revised Statutes of Utah:—"Whenever any person shall be convicted of any crime, the punishment of whom, according to the provisions of this act, is sentence of death, said person shall forfeit his or her estate, real and personal, and the Court may direct, or the person convicted shall have his or her option as to the manner of his execution."

GEORGE W. MATTHEW, late chief of police of New York, is about to publish a dictionary of the rogues' dialect, the words employed by thieves, burglars, stock jobbers, and other depredators upon property, and the large proportion of the words are from the Gipsy dialect, with a mixture of Hebrew and Sanscrit. No perfect is the rogues' language, that Mr. Matthew declares that two thieves of different countries, perfectly ignorant of each other's vernacular, are able to converse intelligibly by using this dialect alone.

SATISFIED IT CANNOT BE DONE.—A railroad engineer at Harrisburg, having been discharged, applied to be reinstated. "You were dismissed," said the Superintendent sternly, "for letting your train come twice into collision." "The very reason," said the other party, interrupting him, "why I ask to be reinstated," "How so?" "Why, sir, if I had any doubt before as to whether two trains can pass each other on the same track, I am now entirely satisfied: I have tried it twice, sir, and it can't be done, and I am not likely to try it again." He regained his situation.

INCOME IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £40,000 a year, equal to two millions and a quarter dollars, while four hundred and forty persons have incomes ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and eight hundred and eleven from twenty-five to fifty thousand. In Ireland, there is but one person who has an income of upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; twenty-one have incomes from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand, and thirty from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—The following is said to be effectual:—These vermin are easily destroyed, simply by cutting up green cucumbers at night and placing them about where roaches commit depredations. What is cut from the cucumbers for the purpose as well, and the applications will destroy all the roaches in the house. Remove the peelings in the morning, and renew them at night. If properly applied, the remedy fails, the writer of this article will pay any one's subscription for this paper one year. [The publishers of this paper did not write the above article.]

A BROTHERS' NATION.—Col. J. A. R. Ankin, of Mississippi, is about erecting a private residence at his plantation opposite his River Landing which is designed to cost \$150,000—\$125,000 for the furniture and furnishing. The style of the edifice is castellated gothic, with a frontage on the river of 164 feet, and the two side wings of 104 feet, and a centre compartment of 230 feet deep, surmounted by a lofty and beautifully proportioned tower. The building will contain 50 rooms, exclusive of closets, bath-rooms, wardrobe, &c., spacious and amply provided with the modern improvements in comfort and elegance. All the walls of the building are to be double, with the passages inside.

SUNDAY BARRIS IN THE LONDON PARKS.—The London Star of July 13th, says:—"Large audiences continue to testify their approval of the bands chosen by the committee this season, brass instruments only being found powerful enough to fill so vast an area of persons. The freedom of the air in the Regent's Park was upwards of 5,000, the programme containing selections from the best masters, interspersed with national melodies, the first part coinciding with 'Rosa Britannia,' and the second with the national anthem. The hopes of the committee to make the bands self-supporting have, it is said, been realized, and the continued success placed beyond doubt. During this season's performances, dignitaries of the church, metropolitan magistrates and other influential gentlemen have witnessed the good order which is so marked a characteristic of these Sunday evenings of the people, that not a single case for the interference of the police has occurred from the commencement, four years since."

CANADA.—The papers generally are copying a paragraph from the Cleveland Democrat, to the effect that sixteen fugitive slaves, who had escaped to Canada, had arrived at that city on their way back to slavery, preferring that to the alternative of being sold as slaves. The Cleveland Plaindealer, a Democratic paper, made inquiries of the captain who brought these sixteen negroes from Canada, and learned from him that they were all free-born. Five of them went to Oberlin; four remain in Cleveland; one came to Pittsburgh, and the others went with a relative, a free negro, to reside with him in the border of Kentucky.

EXPLOSION OF A GRAND SWISSER IN NEW YORK.—New York, July 20.—An immense swindle has just exploded here. It was called the Grand Dutchy of Baden Fourteen Million Loan, connected with a lottery, of which the Messrs. Rothschilds were represented as the European Agents. The swindle was sold by the Messrs. Rothschilds, in the city of New York, and was being extensively in the South and West, but are now missing.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is so extremely ill that the worst results are apprehended. Her strength is diminishing sadly. She has been moved from Highgate to London, but is now confined to her bed.

KANSAS.—St. Louis, July 29.—The Kansas Constitutional Convention adjourned *die die* to-night. A State Constitution was adopted by a vote of thirty-four to thirteen. All the Democratic members voting against and refusing to sign it. The Constitution is radically anti-slavery, but it is a far cry from the Leavenworth instrument inasmuch as it does not extend the right of suffrage to negroes.

A SHOCK AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.—Friday last, the 17th of June, says the Gazette, will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Santa Barbara, from the burning, blasting heat to the extent of about thirty thousand dollars. The merchant claims that the loss of his property on the 1st of January, 1857, clear of all incumbrances, the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts of Flour, although somewhat in excess of last week, continue comparatively small. The market, however, has been dull, there being little or no shipping demand, except for fresh ground made from new wheat. The price of the best extra No. 1, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.25 for old stock, and \$3.20 for new. The price of the best extra No. 2, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.15 for old stock, and \$3.10 for new. The price of the best extra No. 3, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.10 for old stock, and \$3.05 for new. The price of the best extra No. 4, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.05 for old stock, and \$3.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 5, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.00 for old stock, and \$2.95 for new. The price of the best extra No. 6, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.95 for old stock, and \$2.90 for new. The price of the best extra No. 7, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.90 for old stock, and \$2.85 for new. The price of the best extra No. 8, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.85 for old stock, and \$2.80 for new. The price of the best extra No. 9, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.80 for old stock, and \$2.75 for new. The price of the best extra No. 10, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.75 for old stock, and \$2.70 for new. The price of the best extra No. 11, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.70 for old stock, and \$2.65 for new. The price of the best extra No. 12, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.65 for old stock, and \$2.60 for new. The price of the best extra No. 13, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.60 for old stock, and \$2.55 for new. The price of the best extra No. 14, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.55 for old stock, and \$2.50 for new. The price of the best extra No. 15, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.50 for old stock, and \$2.45 for new. The price of the best extra No. 16, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.45 for old stock, and \$2.40 for new. The price of the best extra No. 17, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.40 for old stock, and \$2.35 for new. 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The price of the best extra No. 88, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 89, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 90, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 91, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 92, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 93, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 94, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 95, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 96, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 97, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 98, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 99, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 100, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$0.00 for old stock, and \$0.00 for new.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat is dull, and the price of the best extra No. 1, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.25 for old stock, and \$3.20 for new. The price of the best extra No. 2, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.15 for old stock, and \$3.10 for new. The price of the best extra No. 3, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.10 for old stock, and \$3.05 for new. The price of the best extra No. 4, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.05 for old stock, and \$3.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 5, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$3.00 for old stock, and \$2.95 for new. The price of the best extra No. 6, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.95 for old stock, and \$2.90 for new. The price of the best extra No. 7, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.90 for old stock, and \$2.85 for new. The price of the best extra No. 8, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.85 for old stock, and \$2.80 for new. The price of the best extra No. 9, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.80 for old stock, and \$2.75 for new. The price of the best extra No. 10, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.75 for old stock, and \$2.70 for new. The price of the best extra No. 11, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.70 for old stock, and \$2.65 for new. The price of the best extra No. 12, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.65 for old stock, and \$2.60 for new. The price of the best extra No. 13, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.60 for old stock, and \$2.55 for new. The price of the best extra No. 14, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.55 for old stock, and \$2.50 for new. The price of the best extra No. 15, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.50 for old stock, and \$2.45 for new. The price of the best extra No. 16, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.45 for old stock, and \$2.40 for new. The price of the best extra No. 17, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.40 for old stock, and \$2.35 for new. The price of the best extra No. 18, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.35 for old stock, and \$2.30 for new. The price of the best extra No. 19, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.30 for old stock, and \$2.25 for new. The price of the best extra No. 20, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.25 for old stock, and \$2.20 for new. The price of the best extra No. 21, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.20 for old stock, and \$2.15 for new. The price of the best extra No. 22, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.15 for old stock, and \$2.10 for new. The price of the best extra No. 23, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.10 for old stock, and \$2.05 for new. The price of the best extra No. 24, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.05 for old stock, and \$2.00 for new. The price of the best extra No. 25, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$2.00 for old stock, and \$1.95 for new. The price of the best extra No. 26, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.95 for old stock, and \$1.90 for new. The price of the best extra No. 27, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.90 for old stock, and \$1.85 for new. The price of the best extra No. 28, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.85 for old stock, and \$1.80 for new. The price of the best extra No. 29, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.80 for old stock, and \$1.75 for new. The price of the best extra No. 30, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.75 for old stock, and \$1.70 for new. The price of the best extra No. 31, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.70 for old stock, and \$1.65 for new. The price of the best extra No. 32, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.65 for old stock, and \$1.60 for new. The price of the best extra No. 33, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.60 for old stock, and \$1.55 for new. The price of the best extra No. 34, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.55 for old stock, and \$1.50 for new. The price of the best extra No. 35, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.50 for old stock, and \$1.45 for new. The price of the best extra No. 36, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.45 for old stock, and \$1.40 for new. The price of the best extra No. 37, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.40 for old stock, and \$1.35 for new. The price of the best extra No. 38, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.35 for old stock, and \$1.30 for new. The price of the best extra No. 39, 100 lbs. bushel, is \$1.30 for old stock, and \$1.25 for new. 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Wit and Humor

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.—"A few years ago, when the Order of the Sons of Temperance overran the land, my friend Jim O'Wright found himself a victim of Kentucky, whether he had wandered from Virginia. Jim was a 'character,' had great versatility of talent, and was withal an excellent, jolly fellow, and prime bottle companion. Jim contrasted the Temperance man naturally and with great estimation; so much so, that he soon became a conspicuous and shining light in the 'Order.' From a popular lecturer Jim soon rose to the dignity of G. W. F. of the State Division. In due time after this point in his life Jim was called to preside over the Division of the City of L., and was 'on hand,' in all the glory of times of gala, with a chosen list of comedians about him. At his hotel Jim kept 'open house' to the invited, albeit his hospitality was not conducted upon strictly Temperance principles; and I am afraid much of poor Jim's eloquence and fervor were drawn from divers 'big belled bottles,' whose rubicund visage were kept modestly concealed by the drapery of his bed.

"The hour for the meeting of the Division arrived. Jim presents himself at the door of the Division room, and gives the usual 'signal.' Back flies the sliding panel, and the space is filled with the head of the 'inside sentinel,' a sturdy, curly-headed Irishman. Jim gives the pass-word, and stalks in. Business begins, proceeds, and ends, Jim presiding with great dignity. Pat, meantime, has scarcely removed his gaze from Jim's face, but devours him with a gaze in which awe and mirth are strangely mingled. Presently Pat approaches the great man, and timidly plucks him aside.

"Sir," said he, "an' yer are Mithur O'Wright, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the State of Kentucky, I do be after belavin'."

"Yes," said Jim, "you are perfectly right, my friend; but why do you ask the question?"

"To tell you the truth, thin, Sir, an' shame the devil," said Pat, "yes do be havin' the right pass-word, Sir, for a son of Temperance, intirely; but by the Howly Virgin, an' the blessed Saint Patrick, yes got the wrong schell!"

DANIEL OF LEGAL MODesty.—Legal authorities were not used, and very lightly esteemed in "the West," a few years ago. Dan Wilson, who resides not many miles on the sunset side of the Father of Waters, was a sharp lawyer, more noted for wit than wisdom, for tongue than talent. He was trying a case before a Justice of the Peace, and the opposing counsel had cited "Greenleaf on Evidence" so decidedly against him that a bold push must be made, or all was lost for him and his client. Squire Wells sat down after making the quotation, satisfied that the Justice would do justice in the premises. Dan asked him for the book, opened it, rose, and, with a look of solemn surprise, said he was amazed that so good a lawyer as Mr. Wells should bring such a book as that into court. "Why," said he, "the author himself never thought of its being used for authority in any case. Just hear what he says in the preface: 'Doubtless a happier selection of these principles might be made, and the work might have been much better executed, by another hand. For, now it is finished, I find it but an approximation toward what was originally desired. But in the hope that it may still be found not useless as the germ of a better treatise, it is submitted to the candor of a liberal profession.' Now an author who admits that his work is as bad as this, certainly never expected to be brought into court to govern the opinions of a gentleman who has sat on the bench, as your honor has, for sixteen months."

The Justice was perfectly satisfied. He ruled the "authority" out as of no account whatever, and gave his judgment for Dan and his client.

Squire Wells says it is the first time a lawyer ever spoiled his book or his cause by his modesty.

HAD A CALL.—Our city was for some years enlightened by the presence of a young minister who meant exceedingly well, and did pretty well. A congregation in a Western city learning of his fame, and having no shepherd, invited this our Mr. X.—to assume the vacant flock, deputed to carry their offer a much respected deacon, commonly called, in abbreviation of his first name, Epaphras, "Uncle Rufus." Uncle Rufus came, told his errand, and caused a church meeting to be held that he might lay the case of his own distant church before it. The pious assembly with which he opened his business was this:

"My brethren, I have come from a long distance to lay before you the condition of our church in the wilderness. We read in Holy Writ that, upon a certain occasion, our Lord directed two of His disciples to go into a certain village, saying unto them, 'Straitway ye shall find an ass tied; loose him, and bring him unto Me.' My brethren, among you we have found the ass tied. Permit me to loose him, and lead him away. And if you ask, as of old, why I do it in like manner I answer: The Lord hath need of him."

They let Uncle Rufus untie the ass, and lead him away.

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A few days since a friend of mine walking down town saw a little boy plucking his younger brother, who was crying bitterly.

"Why, my boy," said she to the young tormentor, "don't you know you are doing very wrong! What would you do if you should kill your little brother?"

"Why," he replied, "of course I should put on my new black pants and go to the funeral!"

A friend reports the following as an actual occurrence: "An accident took place lately on one of the railroads by the axle of the tender giving way and obstructing the road for some hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger the cause of the delay; he gravely replied, 'Madame, it was occasioned by what is often attended by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment.' The lady looked serious and was silent."

Don't Quibble About a Word.—"What is your name, sir?" asked Colonel — of his orderly one day, after having made up his mind to take a drive.

"John Edward Belsey, sir," Belsey was always precise, tritely so, and when asked by the colonel for his name, he could no more have omitted the phenomenon than gone to parade without his arms.

"Go, then, John Edward Belsey," rejoined the colonel, quite as precise as his orderly, "and tell my groom to put the horse in the gig immediately."

Saluting the colonel in true military form, Belsey ran to the stable, thinking, as he was going, how impossible it was to execute the order, unless the colonel, in the greatness of his soul, intended to favor the horse with a ride and man the shafts himself. However, as he considered this could not really be the colonel's intention, he took on himself the discretion of making the necessary correction; and, accordingly, directed the groom to put the horse in the gig.

"Very well," said the groom; and Belsey returned to the colonel, who, as was his custom, questioned him to see that his order had been properly conveyed.

"Have you seen the groom, private John Edward Belsey?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you tell him to do?"

"Put the horse in the gig, sir," replied the orderly, throwing a little force on the proposition.

"You stupid fellow," roared the colonel, plucking his whisker; "did I not tell you to put the horse in the gig?"

"Yes, sir; but as that did not seem to me to be your wish, I thought you would not disapprove of my giving the spirit instead of the letter of your order."

"Why did you think so, sir?"

Belsey hesitated.

"Why did you not tell the groom to put the horse in the gig?"

"Because there wouldn't be room left for you, sir."

It was a wonder the colonel did not jump down his throat. — *Romance of the Roads.*

Agricultural.

HORN-AIL OR HOLLOW HORN.

You will excuse me for the liberty I take in calling your attention to one of "A Bundle of Recipes," for the sake of entering my protest against the ignorance and barbarity exhibited in the "Cure for Horn-Ail, or Hollow Horn." The writer says:—"If the hair of the end of the tail is in rolls or curls, cut off one inch of the tail." As well might he cut off one inch of the ears of a spaniel, because the hair curls upon them. "Then turn the animal's head on one side, and pour boiling water upon the lower horn till he dodges, and then take the other horn. By this time the animal will sweat." And I should think the operator would also, from some at having mutilated and tormented an animal already suffering from fever, or in perfect health, but doomed to misery, because it has one lock of curly hair; unless, indeed, he had the authority of the usually correct "Country Gentleman," for such a barbarous course of treatment; and as the case stands at present, he could certainly put in that plea in justification. I know that in the hurry of making up a paper, many things will be published that should have been thrown into the waste basket, but I was surprised to see the "Gentleman" lending his voice and influence to extend and perpetuate such rough bred quackery and cruelty, as that exhibited in the above article. I would as soon knock off the horn, or slit the ears of a favorite animal, as to "cut off one inch of the tail," and should have as good physiological reasons for so doing. The disagreement in either case would be about equal, but the inconvenience which the animal would suffer from the loss of the long silky brush so kindly furnished by nature, especially in "fly time," would be immeasurably greater.

"Horn-Ail" or "Hollow Horn," is an absurd misnomer for an imaginary disease in many cases, and for a symptom of fever in others. Many a farmer has reluctantly "cut off one inch" or more from the tail of a beautiful animal, when it was turned out to pasture, under the erroneous impression that it would do better, "for the hair hung in curls," although the animal was in perfect health and good condition, and needed no remedy of any kind. In fever, the degree of arterial excitement is estimated in part by the heat at the base of the horn, which is very thin, and covers the most vascular bone in the animal, thereby displaying symptoms of great value to those capable of appreciating them.

But even in fever there can never be the slightest occasion for "cutting off one inch of the tail," nor for pouring boiling water upon the horns of a suffering animal until he "dodges." A cathartic of Epsom or Glauber salts, sulphur or linseed oil, combined with ginger, red pepper, or any stimulant aromatic, will do all the good and much more, than the slight bleeding from the cut can do, and not leave the animal to thump its sides the remainder of its life with a mutilated stump, a living monument that all the darkness of the dark ages has not yet passed away.

The hope that I may be the means, in a single case, of preserving intact one of the beauties of the Bovine race, to the unfortunate animal suffering from "Horn-Ail," or "Tail Sickness," is the only apology that I can offer for this communication. — *Cor. of Country Gentleman.*

TO REMOVE FILTH.—Having seen a number of remedies for taking a film from horses' or cattle's eyes, I'll give the method that I have practiced for years, without failing in a single instance. Take a piece of fresh butter, the size of a common walnut, and put it in the opposite ear—that is, if left eye, put it in right ear; if the butter is hard, hold the ear with your hand for a short time, until it melts and runs into their head; in most cases one application is all that is necessary. If you have not got the butter, hog's lard will answer. — *Country Gentleman.*

HEAD THE RUNNING VINE.—Some of the squashes, melons, and cucumbers, are now pushing ahead as though bent on outdoing each other in the space they cover; but they show little fruit. Nip the ends and you force them into bearing. This may need a repetition in the course of a week or two. We have secured larger melons, squashes, etc., and more of them by this heading back. Beds of cucumbers, melons, and squashes may be kept in regular form (and the appearance of the whole garden be improved) by frequently pinching or cutting off the straggling vines. — *American Agriculturist.*



CRUEL JOKE AT A FETE.

ROBERT BOY (TO HIS COUSIN).—I say, Rose! Wasn't that Major De Vere who just left you?"

ROSE.—"Yes."

ROBERT BOY.—"Ah, then, I think he might as well have told you what a tremendous black smudge you've got on your nose!"

N. B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.

SHEEP-KILLING DOGS.

In many parts of the country, one of the most serious and vexatious obstacles to raising sheep successfully is the prevalence of dogs with sheep-killing propensities. Having had some experience in dealing with these rascally animals, I send a few suggestions for the benefit of those who may be suffering from the same cause. First, let me say, every one owning a dog, should take care that there is no guilt at his own door.

Dogs are sometimes known to leave their master's flock unmolested, and are seen returning from apparently distant excursions, with an air that would seem to say "Ask me no questions." A suspected dog may sometimes be detected by examining his mouth on such an occasion. If he has not picked his teeth clean, small bits of wool may be found in them, and he may safely be pronounced guilty. If such a dog be tied to a stake in an enclosure, and a vicious, well-shorn ram turned in, he will soon give the dog a striking lesson on sheep-killing, which he will not easily forget. One lesson of this kind will cause a dog to ever after give a wide berth to any flock of sheep.

If a strange dog can be caught in the act, it is perfectly easy to bring a well-aimed rifle to bear upon him without waiting to inquire to whom he belongs; this may be ascertained afterwards, and his owner held responsible. When dogs have made a foray upon a flock, they usually return to the scene of operations within a few nights. A pretty sure trap for them can be made by building a pen of rails, five or six feet high, around a recently killed carcass, bringing each layer of rails nearer the centre as it is put up, so that the sides of the pen will slope inward. The dog can enter from the top quite easily, but cannot well get out, having no room to run for a clear leap over. A little strychnine scattered over the fresh carcass, will prevent the dog that may eat it from any further mischief; he will seldom get far away before lying down to rest.

The cure which trouble flocks, are usually great cowards, especially when out on such an errand, and are easily frightened away by any unusual noise. If a small bell be hung on every fifth sheep there will be little danger of an attack. I know several farmers living in districts which have suffered severely from the ravages of dogs, who have adopted this simple expedient, and have never lost a sheep. Some put a sleigh bell upon every sheep. — *American Agriculturist.*

WASH TO DESTROY INSECTS.—In the Journal of the Horticultural Society of Paris, it is stated that an excellent wash for destroying insects is made by boiling 1½ pints of water, 62 grains of red American potash, and the same number of sulphur, and the same of soap. If it is necessary to make it stronger, double the quantity of sulphur and of potash, leaving the soap the same. Immersion for a second kills ants, large caterpillars, and cockchafers grubs. The solution does no harm to plants. This is important, if true, and it can be easily tested. The large white grub of the *Cotichaffer*, or as it is commonly called here, the *May Bug*, has been doing a good deal of mischief the last two or three years, particularly to strawberry beds, by destroying the roots. Specimens have been sent us from various sources this summer, and we have heard much complaint and seen many beds almost ruined. The potatoes, too, they have attacked most voraciously. Last summer we assisted in killing about twenty in one hill of potatoes, the tubers being almost entirely eaten up by them. — *Rural New Yorker.*

HEAD THE RUNNING VINE.—Some of the squashes, melons, and cucumbers, are now pushing ahead as though bent on outdoing each other in the space they cover; but they show little fruit. Nip the ends and you force them into bearing. This may need a repetition in the course of a week or two. We have secured larger melons, squashes, etc., and more of them by this heading back. Beds of cucumbers, melons, and squashes may be kept in regular form (and the appearance of the whole garden be improved) by frequently pinching or cutting off the straggling vines. — *American Agriculturist.*

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

WORMS IN HORSES.—Remedial diet is far better than medicine. Let your correspondents put into the food of their horses some rye, more and more till the horses void dead worms. This should be continued for some time, so that the spaw has no time to vivify. Or let them give their horses the young shoots of the silver fir, as many as they like to eat. I have found most horses like them. If the silver fir is not to be had, let them try any other fir. The offender the better. — *Essex.* [All the first contain more or less turpentine, in which resides the property so obnoxious to the worms. — *Ko. London Field.*]

TURNIP FLY.—As the turnip season is in, perhaps some of your readers would try the simple experiment of putting 1 lb. of sulphur in a gallon of water, and steeping a gallon of seed for twenty-four hours, dry it, and then drill. I attribute some good crops entirely to this, and should like to know the result in different localities. — *London Field.*

SALT AS A MANURE FOR THE PEACH TREE.—A correspondent of the Cottage Gardener says, to prevent a tree from dropping its fruit he had recourse to salt. He sprinkled the soil with a good coat of salt-sweepings, which he bought at 6d. per hundred weight. He then washed it in with clean water, and, in a few days after, gave the tree some strong soap suds. He repeated the dose of salt three times, and suds he put on every week once. The result was, that he had some splendid fruit, and well-flavored.

SALT VS. GUANO FOR WHEAT.—At a meeting of the London Farmer's Club, as reported in the Mark Lane Express, Mr. Parkinson stated that he had derived great benefit from the use of salt for the last twenty years:

"On one occasion a neighbor of his applied guano to his wheat crop, on the same kind of soil on which he himself applied salt. The contrast in the results in his own favor was quite marvellous; his neighbor's wheat was laid down while he was standing at harvest-time, and he got nearly a quarter of an acre more wheat of a very superior sample. He had also applied salt very beneficially in a variety of other cases. In wheat after oats there was a difficulty in keeping the wheat free from oats; at least that was his own experience. Ray-grass he had found on the strong red lands of Nottinghamshire anything but a failure; he had grown large crops of wheat after it."

SALT FOR TURNIPS.—A farmer, in the Mark Lane Express, gives his experience in putting salt on ground sown to turnips. The field was in excellent condition, and the soil a light, gravelly loam. He says:

"I applied salt, at the rate of 4 cwt., and Peruvian guano at about an equal rate per acre, sown broadcast, and ridged in. The plants came up, and grew remarkably well until they put forth their rough leaf, when, to my great mortification and astonishment, they (without any known cause) began to dwindle away and die; and three-fourths of the remainder seem to be at this moment in the last stage of weakness."

SOW TURNIPS YET.—The old rule, "on the 25th of July sow your turnips wet or dry," is not far out of the way for the common field varieties, yet it should not be forgotten that a very good crop is frequently raised from seed sown as late even as the end of August. The amount of yield will depend upon the length of open weather in autumn. Turnips will grow until actually frozen into the ground. For late sowing, such quick growing varieties as the Red Top Strap leaf and the White Flat are preferable. The Long White French, the Ashcroft Swedish, and the River's Swedish Stubble grow rapidly, and though they are larger when sown early in July, yet they acquire a good size, sometimes quite large enough for table use, when sown in the first half of August, or even later. No directions for their cultivation are needed. Scatter the seed, not too thickly, either broadcast, or better in drills, wherever open space can be found for it to grow. A slight covering only is needed. With this, as with other crops, the better the soil the better the yield. Fresh or highly stimulating manure produce too much top at the expense of the root. — *American Agriculturist.*

How to Grow LAMBS POTATOES.—The North

British Agriculturist says:—"To improve the size of potatoes, whether planted with small or large, whole, or even cut potatoes, when the plants are only a few inches high, let the shoots be reduced by pulling them up to one or two, or at most three of the strongest. The tubers will, consequently, be fewer and very much larger, also in measure nearly all fit for the market and the table. Every grower will do well to try a few rows by way of experiment, if he disbelieves the truth of this statement."

TICKS AND LICE ON SHEEP AND CATTLE.—Open the wool on the back of the sheep, from the head to the hips, and strew in a teaspoon of yellow snuff, mostly on the neck and shoulders. This treatment has proved effectual with me, in removing ticks from sheep, and it is easier and safer than washing with a solution of tobacco. For lice on cattle, mix yellow snuff with lamp oil, and rub on where they will not lick it. I have known several calves killed by washing them in strong tobacco water. — *Country Gentleman.*

GRASSES FOR PASTURE.—Timothy alone, or Timothy red-top and blue-grass, will make a permanent meadow, which will produce heavy crops of good hay for many years, if well treated. So orchard-grass alone, or orchard-grass and red clover, will make a good, permanent meadow, with reference to the product of which no reasonable man will have cause to complain, unless he feeds it off too close the first year, and suffers it to be abused subsequently. But for good permanent pasture, many grasses are wanted. Yet in one section of our State, we find land laid down to blue-grass; in another section to Timothy; in a third, to orchard-grass and red clover combined. Rarely do we find more than two or three grasses growing in the same pasture; yet not less than one hundred species have been described by botanists as growing spontaneously in the great Mississippi valley.

In England, as many as twenty-two species of grass have been found growing upon a square root of ancestral pasture, that had been sown unremittently through many generations. And English pastures wear well, producing food for a long period, from very early in the spring to very late in the fall. Why? Simply because, instead of being confined to one or two grasses that start about the same time in the season, and mature about the same time, as in the American custom, they seed down the lands intended to remain for a series of years in pasture, with all the varieties that will grow upon them, and thus secure a regular succession of succulent and nutritious food the season through. — *Louisville (Ky.) Courier.*

Useful Receipts.

STING OF INSECTS.—There are many cures for stings, but very frequently they are not on hand when wanted. Every housewife has in her garden a superior remedy, which should be known by all. Take a portion of onion, either top or root; bruise, and apply for a few minutes to the wound. If applied immediately, it prevents future soreness and inflammation, as well as gives immediate relief.

TO PRESERVE ICE AND ALWAYS HAVE COLD WATER.—Take a piece of thick green balm, doubled, or of blanket, make it up in the shape of a pudding bag (A) of sufficient size to cover the water pitcher; let it be lined with glazed muslin or linen to prevent any fur getting into the water, and covered outside with anything to suit the fancy; put a sufficient quantity of ice in a pitcher of water to keep it covered with this. Having seen the article at the house of an Irish gentleman who always qualified cold water in a proper manner, I christened it "Paddy's Night-Cap." Ice-water kept in this way, and carried into my chamber at night, furnishes me with a cool drink in the morning. Let the readers try it. — *Genandean Telegraph.*

CORN CAKE.—A recipe for these, said to have originated at the "Salt House," Louisville, Ky., has gone the rounds pretty extensively, and received frequent commendation. We have not had it tested, but give it for trial: Take butter and lard, of each a piece about the size of an egg, and mix well in 1 pint of Indian meal. Add sufficient boiling water to scald it, and afterward put in 3 eggs well beaten, and thin with sweet milk. Cook on a griddle, like buckwheat cakes, and serve up hot.

TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.—It is said that a small quantity of sassafras bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

TOMATO HONEY.—A. J. Gurnell, Rock Island Co., Ill., sends the following recipe, which he says is a very good substitute for honey: Cut sound ripe tomatoes in slices and express the juice through a cloth. To each pint of the liquid add one pint of sugar, and boil the whole until of the consistency of honey, removing the scum as it rises. It may be flavored with lemon or other extracts to suit the taste. The writer has tasted a very fine preparation of this kind, made from the European winter cherry or ground tomato, (*Physalis alkekengi*), which was an excellent sauce for blanc mange, puddings, etc.

CHOOSE GREEN BEANS FOR WINTER USE.—Pick good, tender, sweet string beans, cut them into pieces about three-quarters of an inch in length, throw them into boiling water, let them stand five minutes; then, having the oven heated just hot enough to avoid burning the beans, spread on tin or earthen dishes, set them into the oven, and let them remain there till perfectly dry, when they should be put up in small bags, and hung in a cool dry place. When you wish to cook a mess of corn and beans, put them to soak over night in warm water, and cook them as usual. — *Country Gentleman.*

TOO BAD.—A gentleman from London, who has been pursuing his ichthyological studies on the rocks near Cobanet, for some days past, looked into our office this morning and asked us "whether the last 'pig' is any relation to the learned pig?" — *Boston Transcript.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 53 letters.

My 52, 24, 15, 42, 7, 48, 33, is one of the great lakes.

My 44, 6, 20, 53, is the name of a bird.

My 2, 6, 46, 39, was a great man.

My 27, 28, 35, 3, 21, was a British general.

My 51, 45, 58, is a play for children.

My 1, 22, 39, is a whitish metal.

My 12, 40, 19, is a color.

My 4, 5, 34, is one of the planets.

My 8, 23, 41, 32, 18, is one of the planets.

My 25, 42, 29, is made in large quantities in North Carolina.

My 36, 31, 26, is a certain number.

My 25, 13, 27, is another name for a drunkard.

My 47, 19, is a pronoun.

My 14, 23, 9, is used in stormy weather.

My 43, 11, 17, was an American general.

My 16, 5, 49, is a kind of fowl.

My 46, 23, 39, 1, 42, 25, 9, 53, 23, was a Mexican general.

My whole was a glorious event that took place during the Revolution. GEO. IRWIN.

Pittsburg, Pa.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 32 letters.

My 4, 25, 18, 21, 11, 7, 28, 8, is a river in North Carolina.

My 4, 8, 31, 6, 24, 29, is a county in North Carolina.

My 27, 16, 29, 10, is a city in Florida.

My 5, 6, 14, 21, 16, 20, 30, is a city in France.

My 32, 16, 29, 26, is a city in Arabia.

My 22, 31, 14, 17, 14, 25, 20, 24, 4, 2, 17, 9, is a city in Utah.

My 23, 13, 14, 25, is a county in Wisconsin.

My 10, 29, 19, 13, 29, is a river in Vermont.

My 4, 31, 11, 7, 1, 13, 29, 19, 2, 8, is a county in Vermont.

My 10, 17, 31, 24, 12, 13, is a county in New York.

My 6, 7, 29, 16, 29, 12, 5, is a county in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a recent event exciting much attention. J. H. BUNDY.

Salem, Wis.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Near the city, in the road,

Passing with a heavy load,

My first is bringing food;

Should my second chance to break,

'Twould likely cause the load to shake,

And change the driver's mood.

My first can never be complete,

Unless my whole correct and neat,

Is put in its right place;

Therefore my second you must take,

If you desire my first to make,

Which is perhaps the case.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 8 letters.

My 1st is in the grain, but not in the wheat;

My 2d is in the pig, but not in the meat;

My 3d is in the grape, but not in the vine;

My 4th is in the juice, but not in the wine;

My 5th is in the oak, but not in the tree;

My 6th is in the mountain, but not in the sea;

My 7th is in the ocean, but not in the bay;

My 8th is in the grain, but not in the hay.

My whole is a name in THE POST you oft see.

Now pray, my dear reader, can you tell it to me?